

A Fawcett Publication

# Monte Hale

## WESTERN



MAY  
**10¢**  
NO. 36



**A GRIM SMILE AND STEEL GREY EYES VEIL  
THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST!**

# MONTE HALE WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication

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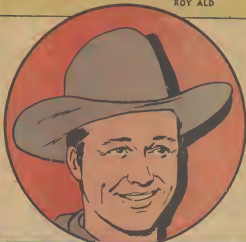
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GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr.*  
PRESIDENT



IN THIS ISSUE

**MONTE HALE**  
— IN —  
**THE CATTLE EMPIRE  
RIDING HIGH  
THE HORSE KILLER  
FRONTIER WEDDING**

— ALSO —  
**COWBOY CLOWN**

**GABBY HAYES** IN  
**"THE PIED PIPER PINTO"**



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# MONTE HALE

in  
**CATTLE  
EMPIRE!**



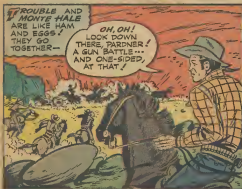
**H**ERE AND THERE  
THROUGHOUT THE WEST,  
**CATTLE EMPIRES**  
HAVE SPRUNG UP ---  
HUGE DOMAINS, RULED  
BY RUTHLESS CATTIE  
BARONS! WHEN SUCH  
A MONARCH OF THE  
RANGE WAGES OPEN  
WARFARE AGAINST  
THE LITTLE RANCHERS  
WHO SURROUND HIM,  
IT'S TIME FOR  
**MONTE HALE** TO  
STEP IN --- SIX-GUNS  
BLAZING --- TO  
ENFORCE THE PEACE!

THAT'S  
**MONTE HALE** --- BOSS  
OF THE INDEPENDENT  
RANCHERS! SHOOT  
HIM, BOYS!

IT'S **MONTE HALE!**  
--- AND HE'S WORKIN'  
FER **JIM DUKE!**  
BLAST HIM!

**T**ROUBLE AND  
**MONTE HALE**  
ARE LIKE HAM  
AND EGGS!  
THEY GO  
TOGETHER ---

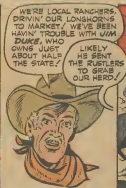
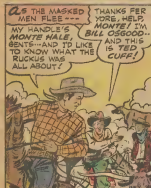
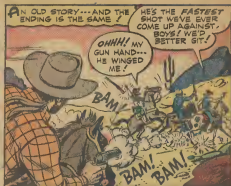
OH, OH!  
LOOK DOWN  
THERE, PARDNER!  
A GUN BATTLE ---  
AND ONE-SIDED,  
AT THAT!

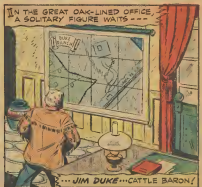
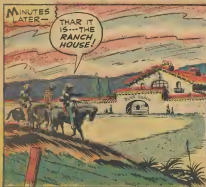
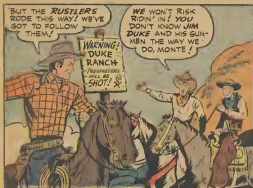


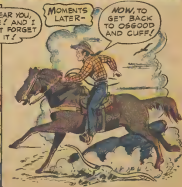
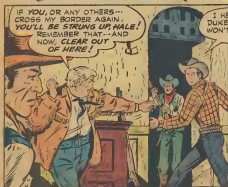
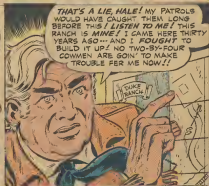
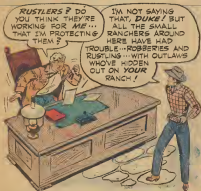
WHICH MEANS  
THAT WE'RE DUE  
TO STEP IN, BOY!  
LET'S RIDE,  
PARD!

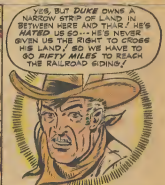
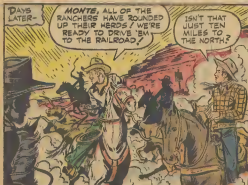
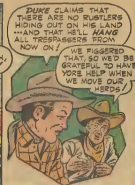
**BANG!**  
**BANG!**

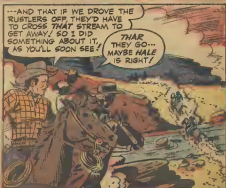
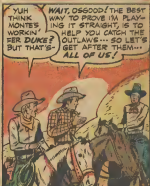
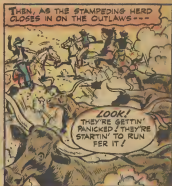




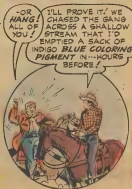
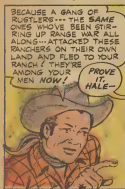
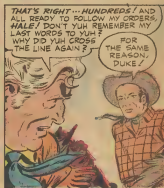
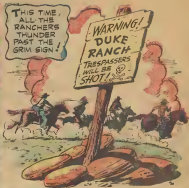
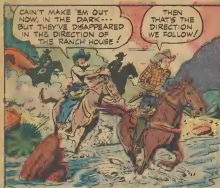


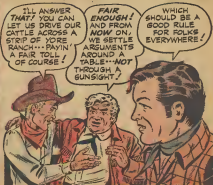
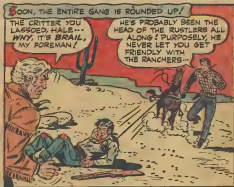


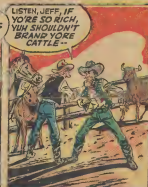
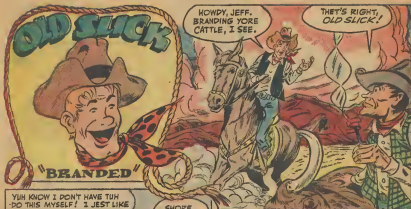














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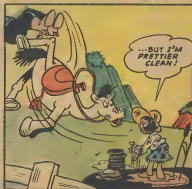
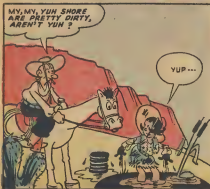
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SAM SPADE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE HAS BEEN HIRED TO PROTECT WEALTHY GUESTS AT A "CHARACTER FROM AN OPERA" COSTUME PARTY

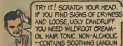
SO YOU'RE GOING TO THIS PARTY AS "MORDE" THE BARBER, SAM?

RIGHT, CLEOPATRA! HERE'S MY COMB, CLIPPERS, AND A BOTTLE OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. LET'S GO.



SAM SPADE ASKS:

**CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?**



EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROWING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. MOTHERS FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.



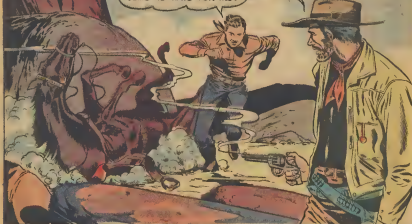
# MONTE HALE

## and THE HORSE-KILLER!

In the old West, men were quick to gunplay! Silver and human lives both came cheap—but there was no crime as swiftly condemned or as relentlessly punished as **KILLING A HORSE!** Ride then with **MONTE HALE** as he sets out in grim pursuit of the ruthless outlaw **WHO SHOT PARDNER!**

SHOOTING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, CARSON! YOU'RE GOING TO HANG FOR THIS!

MEBBI! AND MEBBI I'LL THROW FLOWERS ON YORE GRAVE, HALE!



IN THE DEAD OF THE PRAIRIE NIGHT, OLD DOC LONDON HAS A RUDE AWAKENING....

WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHO IS THIS MAN?

YUH DON'T HAVE TUH KNOW THAT! HE'S GOT TWO COLT SLUGS IN HIS CHEST—AND YORE GON' TO DIG THEM OUT!



IF YUH SAVE HIS LIFE...OKAY! IF NOT, AS SURE AS MY NAME IS ROBB CARSON, YORE GON' WITH HIM!



CARSON! THAT'S RIGHT! NOW GIT MOVIN'.... YORE THE OUTLAW POSSES HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FER!



DOC LOWDEN IS GIVEN NO CHOICE. SWIFTLY HE HEATS WATER AND PREPARES ANESTHETICS....

KEEP THAT ETHER DRIPPING SLOWLY!

HOW DOES HE LOOK, DOC?

BAD...VERY BAD....HE'S LOST A GREAT DEAL OF BLOOD!

THE MOMENTS DRAIN BY...AND WITH THEM THE LIFE OF THE DYING OUTLAW!

IT'S TOO LATE!  
I-I CAN'T SAVE HIM!  
HE'S GONE!

DEAD? THAT MEANS YUH FAILED, DOC - SO TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!

BUT SUDDENLY!

IT'S MONTE HALE!

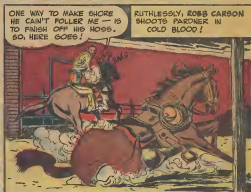
**E-CRASH!**

THAT'S RIGHT, CARSON! I TRAILED YOU AND YOUR SIDEKICK ALL THE WAY FROM THE HOLDUP WHERE HE GOT PLUGGED!

TOO BAD! 'CAUSE ALL YORE GETTIN' FER YORE PAINS IS A FACEFULL OF ETHER!

WATCH IT, MONTE!





DOC, HAVE YOU GOT A HORSE TO LEND ME? I'M GOING AFTER CARSON—AND I'M BRINGING HIM BACK IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

MY PINTO'S IN THE STABLE, MONTE, AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM!

I'LL CATCH THE RATTLESNAKE IF I HAVE TO TRAIL HIM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH! AND WHEN I DO, DOC, I'LL BE BACK TO SEE PARDNER'S GRAVE!

GOOD LUCK, MONTE! I'LL DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE WITH PARDNER!



AND HOURS LATER, THE BLAZING DESERT SANDS...



...AND IN THE CHILL OF THE MOUNTAIN NIGHT, MONTE PURSUES THE HORSE-KILLER!

WHICH WAY DID THAT HOMBRE SAY HE WAS HEADING?

HE DIDN'T SAY, BUT HE RODE OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF GLACIER CANYON—DOWN YONDER!



THANKS A HEAP, FELLOW!

BETTER BE CAREFUL, MISTER. HE SURE LOOKED LIKE AN ORNERY CRITTER!



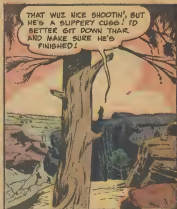
THERE IT IS—OLD GLACIER CANYON! THERE IS ONLY ONE ENTRANCE TO IT... SO IF HE'S GONE IN, I'M! SOUND TO MEET UP WITH HIM!



MEANWHILE...

I THOUGHT I WUZ BEING FOLLERED! IT'S MONTE HALE ALL RIGHT... COMING INTO THE CANYON, WELL I'M READY FOR HIM!





A SLIPPERY CUGG? CARSON'S RIGHT!

CARSON'S A GOOD SHOT... TOO GOOD! HIS BULLET JUST GRAZED MY TEMPLE. ANOTHER TWO INCHES —



— AND I'D BE VULTURE BAIT! INSTEAD I RECKON I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T DO A LITTLE SHOOTING OF MY OWN!



LET'S SEE... HIS HOGS SKEDADDLED, BUT HE OUGHT TO BE JUGT DOWN FAST THOSE BOULDERS!



I'LL SASHAY DOWN, CAREFUL-LIKE, AND— WHAT THE—!!



STILL ALIVE, EH? I'LL FIX THAT!







I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO HANG — FOR THE MURDERS YOU'VE COMMITTED. GET ON YOUR FEET NOW ...BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND!



DAYS LATER, AFTER MONTE HAS DELIVERED THE OUTLAW TO THE SHERIFF...

HELLO, DOC. I-I'VE COME BACK— LIKE I SAID I WOULD. I W-WANTED TO SEE PARDNER'S GRAVE.

HIS GRAVE? OH YES, MONTE. JUST FOLLOW ME!



PARDNER! YOU'RE ALIVE— AFTER ALL!



BUT DOC, WHAT HAPPENED? HIS LEG WAS BROKEN. WASN'T IT?

YES IT WUZ, MONTE! BUT YUH'D SAVED MY LIFE — SO I WUZ DETERMINED TO SAVE PARDNER'S! I NURSED HIM NIGHT AND DAY, AND HE LIVED....ONE MORGE IN A MILLION!



# The WHIZ QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!  
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 9-10 CORRECT,  
EXCELLENT; 7-8 CORRECT, GOOD; 4-6  
CORRECT, FAIR; 2-4 CORRECT, POOR.

- 1- THE TIP OF AFRICA  
IS FURTHER SOUTH  
THAN THE TIP OF  
SOUTH AMERICA.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 2- ACCORDING TO LAW THERE  
MUST BE AT LEAST  
THREE PEOPLE TO  
CREATE A RIOT.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 3- DEFECATING A POOL  
MEANS TO PURIFY IT.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 4- HYDROCHLORIC ACID IS  
THE MOST VITAL OF ALL  
CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 5- GEORGE AND MARTHA  
WASHINGTON INTRODUCED  
THE MINUET DANCE TO  
AMERICA.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 6- A FLUKE IS A LUCKY  
STROKE IN A GAME.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 7- TERPSICHOE IS THE  
MUSE OF DANCING.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 8- A SLALOM RACE IS A  
SKI RACE.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 9- FRANCE HAS MORE DAILY  
NEWSPAPERS THAN ANY  
OTHER COUNTRY.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- 10- LISSOMENESS MEANS  
AGILITY.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_ FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



## ANSWERS

- 1- FALSE - THE TIP OF  
SOUTH AMERICA IS  
FURTHER SOUTH.  
2- TRUE  
3- TRUE  
4- FALSE - IT'S WATER.  
5- TRUE  
6- TRUE  
7- TRUE  
8- TRUE - IT'S A RACE  
BETWEEN FLAGS  
STUCK IN THE SNOW.  
9- FALSE - THE U.S. HAS  
THE MOST  
10- TRUE

GOLDEN ARROW



COMIX CARDS  
appear every  
month in

**Monte Hale**  
WESTERN

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
GOLDEN ARROW  
IN

**WHIZ**

EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!

Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard

GOLDEN ARROW



# HUNGRY HANK



**GUEST WHO?**



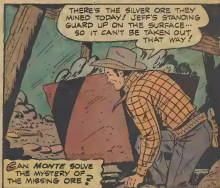
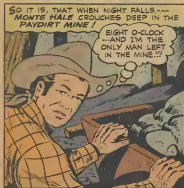
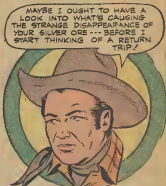
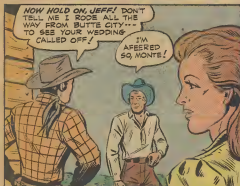


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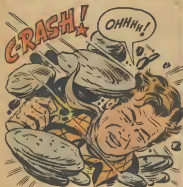


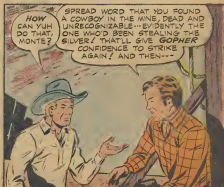
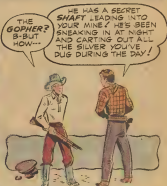
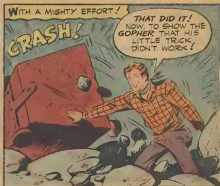


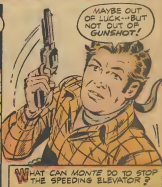


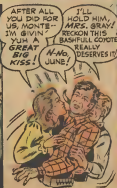
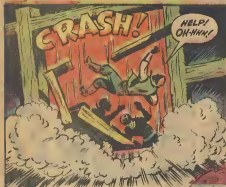














"HIDDEN CURE"

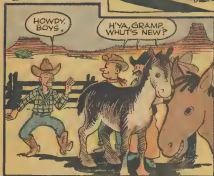


HYAR COMES GRAMP!

HE'S A FINE OLD BUZZARD, BUT THAT'S ONE THING ABOUT HIM I DON'T LIKE.

WHAT'S THAT, CHUCK?

HE MAKES ME NERVOUS THE WAY HE ALLUS BITES HIS NAILS!



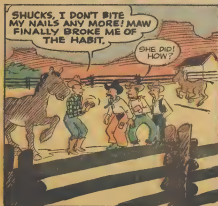
HOWDY, BOYS.

H-YA, GRAMP. WHUT'S NEW?



NUTHIN' MUCH.

HUH? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LOOK, BOYS--- GRAMP ISN'T BITIN' HIS NAILS!



SHUCKS, I DON'T BITE MY NAILS ANY MORE! MAW FINALLY BROKE ME OF THE HABIT.

SHE DID? HOW?



SHE HID MY FALSE TEETH!



## TEPEE OF TERROR

A GRAY HAWK Adventure

By Dick Kraus



**C**OUNCIL FIRES rose high in the village of the Otapi! Round the soaring flames danced the warriors of the tribe. Their faces and chests were daubed with the symbols of the hunter. And as they danced, they prayed to Manitou for good fortune. For when dawn came, the warriors of the Otapi were leaving the village on a buffalo hunt, one that might bring them many hides and much food.

A day before, a messenger had arrived from the north, telling of a huge buffalo herd that had been seen. Immediately, the elders had decreed a hunt, in which every able-bodied brave would take part.

"Every brave—every strapping will go. But I—" young Gray Hawk, son of the Otapi chief, said bitterly. "I must remain behind with the women and children!"

Two days before, while wrestling with Black Bear, another Otapi youth, Gray Hawk had stumbled and broken his forearm. While it was not a serious break, the arm had to be bound in a hickory sling, and rested to heal properly.

Then, when word came of the buffalo herd, Gray Hawk's father, the respected Gray Eagle, had called the boy to him.

"My son," he had said, "I know you are anxious to go with the other warriors on the hunt."

Gray Hawk had stood, his face impassive.

"It cannot be," his father had said. "If you were to fall from your horse, or to be charged by a bull buffalo, you could not protect yourself with your broken arm. You might be seriously injured, even killed!" He rested a sinewy hand on his son's shoulder. "Instead you will remain here in the village. You will be the only man. The others will be your charge. See that no evil comes to them!"

It was his father's word, and not to be questioned. But as the first rays of light broke through the night, Gray Hawk's heart was heavy with disappointment. He stood by, watching the warriors as they mounted their spotted ponies and rode eagerly out of the village.

Soon all of the men were gone, and of all their chanting and boastful cries, not even a faint echo remained.

Gray Hawk walked slowly through the

tepees of the village. He wandered back to his own tepee, found a tomahawk on which he had been carving intricate tribal designs. For a time, he worked laboriously on the weapon, but his broken arm made it almost impossible to do the task properly. Finally, he cast it from him, with an impatient gesture.

He rose, and walked out of the village, toward the forest. Below him, through the trees, he could see the blue of the Otapi river, and hear the magpie chatter of women washing clothes in its clear water.

Suddenly, Gray Hawk saw an elderly woman, White Doe running up the path from the river. As she saw him, the old crone's face broke into a wrinkled expression of relief. Clutching his arm, she gasped, "Gray Hawk! See what I have just found, floating down the stream."

Her snake-like hand opened. There on her shriveled palm lay a tiny feather. It was red and blue.

"A feather? Why do you show it to me, White Doe?"

"Because it bears the war colors of the Nasali tribe," the old woman exclaimed. "Have you never heard of the Nasali?"

**I**T was true! With a sinking heart, Gray Hawk realized that the old woman was right. And if she found the feather floating down the river, then somewhere upstream, lurking along the banks. . . . He clutched her shoulder. "You have done well, old mother," he said. "Now do more. Go! Fetch the others. Tell them not to appear alarmed, but swiftly to gather up their wash and return to the village. I will see them there, soon!"

He turned from her, and plunged into the undergrowth. Running as fast as his broken arm would allow, he raced through the brush, until he came to the river's edge, some five hundred yards above the village. There he carefully parted the thicket at the water's edge and peered across. Nothing. . . .

"Perhaps further up."

Again, he went through the forest, to a point several hundred yards up the stream. This time, when he peered across the river, he caught his breath. For there, but half-hidden in the underbrush, he could see the

warriors of the Nasail. There were dozens of them, lances and be-feathered tomahawks silhouetted clearly in the brush. There they were, squatting, waiting.

"They are waiting . . . for what?" Gray Hawk carefully drew back. Swiftly, he hurried through the forest, back to the village. As he ran, his thoughts ran, too, "They must have known of the buffalo hunt—of all the men being gone. That is why they chose this moment to attack!"

He had almost reached the village. He could see the women there, herding the children into the tepees, gathering together in anxious clusters.

**W**HAT could he tell them? He was but one youth. What could he do against a tribe of conquest-hungry warriors? Indeed, he would need the strength and cunning of Manitou!

"Of Manitou!" he exclaimed to himself. "The Nasail, I have heard, are the most superstitious of all the tribes. They will not attack tonight—but will wait for the dawn. Perhaps there is a chance. With a silent gesture of his arm, he called the squaws to his father's tepee. Their faces were anxious, their eyes dark with worry.

As his father would have, he raised his hand to halt their useless chatter.

"The Nasail warriors wait upstream," he said tensely. "During the night, they will cross the river. And at dawn, they will attack us. They are superstitious men, mindful of the spirits of man and animal. In this lies our hope. Listen to me, Otapi women!"

**NIGHT WAS LONG** in passing. As the hour of dawn approached, the Nasail braves, war-paint hideous on their heavy bodies, lay flat in a semi-circle around the Otapi village. Their powerful hands clutched weapons, and their eyes gleamed with thoughts of the scalps and prisoners they would take . . . the booty that would be theirs!

At last, as the horizon's edge grew faintly light, the war chief of the Nasail pointed to the village with a dramatic gesture, and shouted, "We attack! Forward, braves of Nasail!"

Lungs pouring forth in one mighty yell, the warriors clutched their weapons and lunged toward the village. As they came closer they saw before their eyes a monstrous form in the center of the village. Flames sprang up swiftly—and they could see that the form was a towering buffalo, mightier by far than any animal they had ever seen.

"A huge buffalo!" They exclaimed, "It is great magic! We must not fight it!"

But their angry leader gestured his lance and shouted "It is but an idol! Do not fear it. Attack!"

Whirling again, he ran forward. But suddenly, a cry of anguish broke from his lips and he fell forward to the ground. He lay still as, before him, the huge buffalo seemed to billow forth with furious flame. Then, all at once, the air was filled with the mighty rumble of thunder—and what seemed like the white-orange crackle of lightning!

"It is the god of the Buffalo!" the Nasail warriors shrieked. "He protects the Otapi!"

As one man, they turned. Desperately hurling aside their weapons, they broke from the village in mad flight. Reaching the river, they sprang in without a backward look. No one, no weapon, pursued them. But still they ran, in the grips of terror, until they disappeared in the distant forest.

Behind them in the village, Gray Hawk looked up at the tepee his father had called home. A whole night of furious activity, with every squaw and child in the village working, had transformed the tepee into a huge buffalo shaped idol. Wooden framework had been covered by buffalo hides—and in the faint light of dawn the result was impressive. When cauldrons of liquid fat had been set aflame, and cartridges set off, thunder and lightning themselves were the result.

**GRAY HAWK** smiled as he walked forward to the unconscious form of the Nasail chief, who lay knocked out on the ground, felled by a blow on the head. This was the one thing that superstition had not achieved.

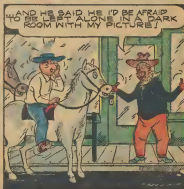
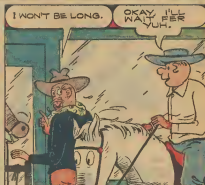
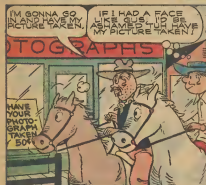
With his toe, Gray Hawk turned the limp body of the warrior over. A carefully carved tomahawk lay beside the enemy chief. It was the tomahawk Gray Hawk had worked on the previous day.

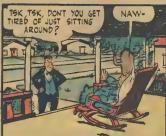
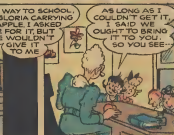
He leaned forward and picked it up, then thrust it into his belt.

"One arm is broken," Gray Hawk said softly to himself. "But the other is still strong enough to throw a tomahawk—when a tomahawk must be thrown!"

THE END

*GRAY HAWK, indian boy, thrills you every month in MONTE HALE WESTERN!*





# GABBY HAYES

and the PIED PIPER PINTO

C'MON, PINTO!  
YUH GOTTA  
WIN!

ATTA HOBS,  
CORKER! BEAT  
'IM, 'N' YUH CAN  
TAKE MY PLACE  
AT THE DINNER  
TABLE!

Gabby will sure enough cash in his chips unless his valiant horse, Corker, defeats that wily thief of the range, 'The Pied Piper Pinto'!

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT A STRANGE NEW HORSE THIEF RAIDS CORRALS ALL OVER THE RANGE.

**BAR-O-RANCH**

LIKE A PIED PIPER HE LURES THE HORSES AWAY!

EEE-EEE-EEE!

FOREMAN GABBY HAYES IS ENRAGED WHEN THE PINTO VISITS HIS NUMBER 2 CORRAL.

DINGSBUST IT, YOU'RE THE SHERIFF! GIT AFTER THAT PRINCE HOSS 'N' ARREST 'IM!

WAAAA.....I FIGGER THERE AINT NO LAW AGAINST HOGGES STEALIN' HOGGES! I ARREST HUMANS, NOT CRITTERS!

NO DAD-BLAMED HOSS IS GONNA OUTWIT GABBY HAYES! NO SIRREE!

COOL OFF, GABBY! YOU'RE ALL HET UP!

OH, DEAR!

I'LL SHOW 'IM! I'LL SLEEP IN NUMBER ONE CORRAL----AND WHEN HE SHOWS UP I'LL GIT 'IM!

WISH YOU LUCK, GABBY-- BUT IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN!

LATE THAT NIGHT...

FRED WAS RIGHT, CONSNERN IT! I'M SOAKED!

HEY! THE HOGGES IS GOIN' OUT!

HA! YUH ORNERY FOUR-FOOTED BANDIT! I GOT YUH NOW!

UGH!

THUMP

SPLASH

EEE-EEEE!

HERE, CORKER! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T FALL FER THAT CROOK! YOU AN' ME ARE GONNA NIGHTAIL AFTER 'IM!

# MONTE HALE WESTERN

ALL NIGHT GABBY RIDES IN PURSUIT, AND  
AS DAWN BREAKS...

HMM... LOOKS LIKE  
WE'RE HEADIN' FER  
CAL TIBBS' RANCH.  
I'LL HANG LOW SO  
HE WON'T SEE ME!



NICE HAUL,  
PINTO! YOU'RE MAKIN' ME  
RICH! I SURE DID A GOOD  
JOB O' TRAININ' YUH TO BE  
A HOSS THIEF!



REACH,  
GAL!

ULP!



RECKON I'M TOO SMART  
EVEN FOR A SLICK PAIR  
LIKE YOU 'N' YORE  
ORNERY CAYUSE!



I---OOPS!

HA!  
NOW I  
TAKE  
OVER!



SOON, GABBY IS TIED UP AND  
AT CAL'S MERCY....

HAW! HAW! WHAT A  
STUPID HOMBRE! IMAGINE  
TRIPPIN' OVER A BUCKET! THAT  
ROPE'LL HOLD YUH!



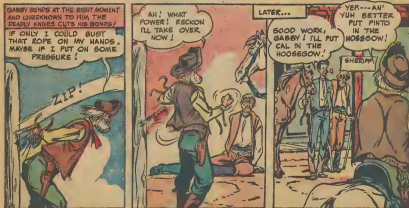
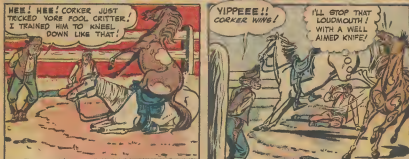
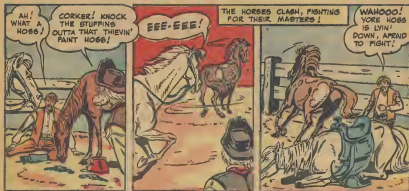
YEOW!



HA! BUSTED YORE LEG  
'N' CAN'T MOVE, HEY?  
ALL I GOTTA DO NOW  
IS SEND CORKER TO  
GET HELP. YOU'RE  
COOKED!

NO! PINTO,  
GET MY  
GUN!--I'LL  
SHOOT YUH,  
HAYES, AN'  
YORE HOSS,  
TOO!





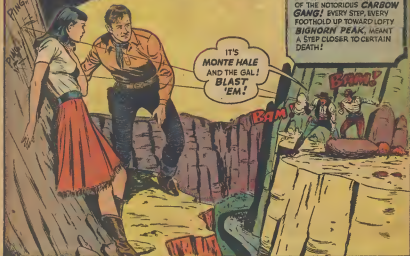


# MONTE HALE

## in Riding High!

**BIGHORN PEAK** WAS THE HIGHEST OF ALL THE TOWERING MESA MOUNTAINS... YET THIS WAS THE PERILOUS SUMMIT THAT A PARTY OF EASTERN DUDES ELECTED TO CLIMB, AGAINST THE WARNING OF **MONTE HALE**... AND BENEATH THE GRIM SHADOW OF THE NOTORIOUS **CARBOW GANG!** EVERY STEP, EVERY FOOTHOLD UP TOWARD LOFTY **BIGHORN PEAK**, MEANT A STEP CLOSER TO CERTAIN DEATH!

IT'S  
MONTE HALE  
AND THE GAL!  
BLAST  
'EM!



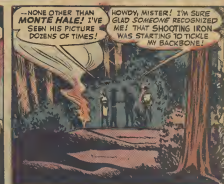
OUR STORY STARTS AS A CAMPFIRE  
FLICKERS INTO LIFE...

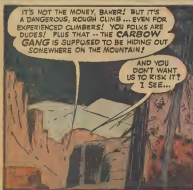
START GRAZING, PARDNER.  
THIS IS WHERE WE HOLE  
UP FOR THE  
NIGHT!

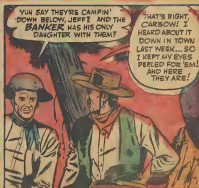
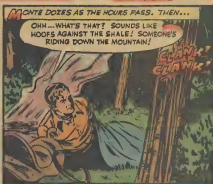
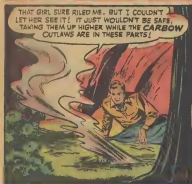


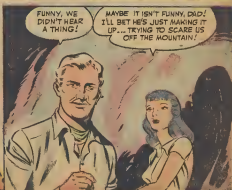
HAM AND GRITS'LL  
TASTE MIGHTY GOOD--  
WHAT THE--!!

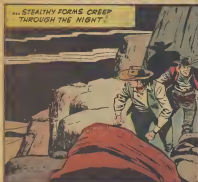




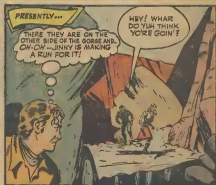








MONTE HALE WESTERN







MONTE HALE WESTERN

HIS FURY AROUSED, MONTE HALE  
IS A FIGHTING WILDCAT AS HE  
PARTS OUT FROM BEHIND A  
BOULDER /

IT'S HALT!  
JUMP,  
HEM!

CHH4.

YOU'RE THE BUTT OF THIS ONE... MISTER!

YOU TWO WON'T  
JUMP  
ANYBODY  
ANYMORE!

**BOP!**

YUH CAUGHT  
US OFF GUARD!  
W-WE GIVE UP  
HALE!

HOW THAT'S MIGHTY  
SPORTING OF  
YOU GENTS!

WHERE AM I? OH!  
 I'M ON BIGHORN PEAK!  
 I MUST'VE ESCAPED FROM  
 THE MEN AND CLIMBED  
 TO THE TOP!

THAT WAS SOME  
CRACK ON THE  
HEAD!

AND SO, LATER, AT  
A MUCH LOWER LEVEL...

MONTE! AM I  
GLAD TO SEE YOU  
AND JINNY BOTH SAFE!  
AND YOU'VE ROUNDED  
UP THE CARBOW  
GANG!

AND WHILE HE WAS PLAYING  
COWBOY WITH THOSE MEN --  
I CLIMBED ALL THE WAY  
UP TO BIGHORN PEAK,  
BY MYSELF!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MISS JINNY? I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE STAYED IN BED!

BUT YOU AND I KNOW THAT, WITH  
MONTE'S HELP, THINGS WOULD HAVE  
BEEN DIFFERENT! DON'T MISS HIS  
EXCITING ADVENTURE—IT'S THE ISSUE  
OF MONTE HALE WESTERN!

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